

The most lamentable Tragedie

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tamora. Giue me the paynard, you shall know my boies,
Your mothers hand shall right your mothers wrong.

Demet. Stay Madam, heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the corne, then after burne the straw:

This minion stood vpon her chastitie,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie,
And with that painted hope, braues your mightines,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue.

Chiron. And if she doe, I would I were an Euenuke,
Drag hence her husband to some secrete hole,
And make his dead trunkes pillow to our lust.

Tamora. But when ye haue the honny we desire,
Let not this waspe out-lieue vs both to sting.

Chiron. I warrant you madam, we will make that sure:
Come mistris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice preserued honestie of yours.

Lavinia. Oh *Tamora*, thou bearest a womans face.

Tamora. I will not heare her speake, away with her.

Lavinia. Sweet Lords intreate her heare me but a word.

Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hart to them
As vnrelenting Flint to drops of raine.

Lavinia. When did the Tigers young ones teach the dam.
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suckst from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny,
Yet every mother breeds not sonnes alike,
Doe thou intreate her shew a woman pittie. (bastard?)

Chiron. What wouldst thou haue me prooue my selfe a

Lavinia. Tis true the Rauens doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moued with pittie did indure
To haue his princely pawes parde all away:

Some

of Titus Andronicus.

Some say that Rauens foster forlorne children,
The whilst their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kind but something pittifull.

Tamora. I know not what it meanes, away with her.

Lavinia. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe yeares.

Tamora. Hadst thou in person nere offended me,
Euen for his sake am I pittilesse.

Remember boyes I powrd forth teares in vaine,
To saue your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,
The worse to her the better lou'd of me.

Lavinia. Oh *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For tis not life that I haue begd so long,
Poore I was slaine when *Balsianus* dide.

Tamora. What begst thou then fond woman let me goe?

Lavinia. Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell,
Oh keepe me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some lothsome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this and be a charitable murderer.

Tamora. So should I rob my sweet sonnes of their fee,
No let them satisfie their lust on thee.

Demetrius. Away for thou hast staide vs heere too long.

Lavinia. No grace, no womanhood, ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall.

(husband,

Chiron. Nay then ile stoppe your mouth, bring thou her
This is the hole where *Aron* bid vs hide him.

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Tamora.